

WIT AND FOLLY IN AMAZE :

Come try your Wits here, Ile lay a pot,
In Half an Hour you read it not

O R,



In its true sence, as't oft to be,
Then Lay a Wager, Stake, and see.

had both
lent my
askt my
lost my

and a
to my
of my
and my

of neither thought I store ;
and took his word th-refore :
and nought but words I get,
for sic him I would not,

I MONEY FRIEND

At length wicl
So get I
If I had
I de keep my

came my
but my
and a
and my

which pleat'd me wondrous well,
away quite from me fell :
as I have had before,
and play the fool no more.

Hereunto is added a Coppy of a Letter sent from a Young-man in the Country, to a Companion in the City concerning a Mourning Cloak; And his conceited Answer thereunto.

S I R,
VVhen you came to my Fathers House in the Country, you took away a Mourning cloak, I know no reason I have to give you a cloak, wherefore I pray Sir restore me the cloak, or indeed, I verily mean to try for the Cloak ; Peradventure you will say I promised to give you a Cloak ; I confels I did, but I care not for that, I deny that now ; Wherefore once more I say, restore me the cloak, and again, I say, send me the cloak ; So shall I rest and remain,

Your Loving friend, (if by me advised,) Nicholas Nod.

If not, look in the Margent and Tremble.

Come meet me if you dare, mark me what I say; I say come meet me. But be advised what you do, for as yet I am not resolved of place where, nor time when; till such time, I hope you'll be pleased to be quiet: for why should thee & I fall out?

HIS ANSWER.

I Pray Sir ! let it not be spoke,
that from your word you should revoke,
Forbear to spend your coin in Smoak,
And give me leave to keep the Cloak :
Your Father I did Bury in the Cloak,
And after I made Merry in the cloak,
And then I crost a Ferry in the cloak,
And yet I am not weary of the cloak.
I've drank many a cup of Ale in the cloak,
I've told many a Merry Tale in the cloak,

I've walk'd both Hill & Dale in the cloak,
And yet I ne'r made sale of the cloak:
I've drank many cup of Beer in the cloak,
I've eaten very good Cheer in the cloak,
I brought up your Fathers Reer in the cloak
And shed many woful Tear in the cloak.
You say you mean to try for the cloak,
I scorn to tell a lye for the cloak,
I hope I shall not dye for the cloak,
I pray Sir do not cry for the cloak.

You say you'l make me smart for the cloak
I do not care a Fart for the cloak,
Ile study the Black Art in the cloak,
Before that I will part with the cloak.
I pray good sir forbear the cloak,
I know that you can spare the cloak,
For I will rather tear the cloak,
Then see another wear the cloak;
Your loving Friend, till Death me choak,
If you'l but let me keep the Cloak.

Licensed, According to Order.

Barnaby Broadawake.

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